1 Abide with me; fast falls the evening.
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day;
3 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
4 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,

The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
Earth’s joys grow dim; its glories pass away.
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
And though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,

When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Change and decay in all around I see;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Thou hast not left me oft as I left thee.

Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!
O thou who changest not, abide with me!
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.
5 I need thy presence ev’ry passing hour.
   What but thy grace can foil the tempter’s pow’r?
   Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
   Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

6 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
   Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
   Where is death’s sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
   I triumph still if thou abide with me.

7 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
   Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.
   Heav’n’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain shadows flee;
   In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!